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## Agricultural.

## STATE FAIR OF 1886.

A Splendid Exhibition in All Departments Marred by Bad Weather.

The Society Comes out About Even; but It was a Tight Squeeze.

The Exhibition so Large that the Grounds were Badly Crowded.

Meeting of Officers for the Coming Year and the Financial Exhibit.

The annual fair of the Michigan State Agricultural Society opened at Jackson last week under favorable auspices. The entries were in excess of those of last year in every department, but two, as appears by the following exhibit:

|                       | 1886. | 1885. |
|-----------------------|-------|-------|
| Cattle                | 296   | 289   |
| Horses                | 596   | 400   |
| Sheep                 | 136   | 110   |
| Poultry               | 325   | 199   |
| Farm Implements       | 761   | 340   |
| Farm Products         | 390   | 278   |
| Dairy Articles        | 538   | 410   |
| Honey, bees, etc.     | 136   | 110   |
| Vegetables            | 363   | 345   |
| Manufactured Goods    | 298   | 188   |
| Artistic Work         | 64    | 97    |
| Musical Instruments   | 47    | 37    |
| Children's department | 30    | 39    |
| Totals                | 6,404 | 4,313 |

The attendance was light on Monday and Tuesday, as is always the case, good on Wednesday, but on Thursday morning the people began to surge up to the grounds in such numbers as to threaten to overrun the grounds. By twelve o'clock some 15,000 were on the grounds, and the citizens of Jackson were beginning to show up, when a huge black cloud, which had suddenly made its appearance from the west, opened its sluice gates and actually poured down on the crowd. Every one sought shelter, and a crowd of hurrying men, women and children could be discerned between the gusts of the storm rushing in all directions. For an hour the rain continued, then slackened off but continued drizzling the balance of the day. The mud grew deeper and deeper, the streets in the vicinity of the hog and sheep pens being nearly impassable, and the track fairly covered with water. The water-soaked crowds were thoroughly disgusted as they started for home. The grounds were in such shape the next day that many were kept away from the fair, but a fair attendance, largely brought out to witness the drill competition, was present, and a number of militia companies, probably saved the Society from financial loss. The receipts this year, as compared with those at Kalamazoo a year ago, were as follows:

|            | 1886.       | 1885.       |
|------------|-------------|-------------|
| First day  | \$1,600 25  | \$ 54 00    |
| Second day | 612 50      | 707 50      |
| Third day  | 4,293 75    | 4,840 25    |
| Fourth day | 7,108 50    | 6,342 50    |
| Fifth day  | 1,478 15    | 5,048 25    |
| Totals     | \$15,093 15 | \$16,992 25 |

This makes a difference in favor of this year of \$1,755.50, despite the rain, which, with the feed-grinder which we sell, comprises the best of the machinery in the market for the general farmer. The power is made with an adjustable elevation and has a governor which gives it motion as engine and can be adjusted to run slow. The feed-grinder is made of five double per minute, fifty with one ton per hour. The grinder will grind from 10 to 20 bushels of grain per hour. For particulars and terms apply to J. H. Bay City, Hon. Wm. L. West, Detroit, Mich.

For sale or exchange. Com. List to be published about and for on the 1st of Oct. J. H. BAY CITY, Detroit, Mich.

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while the expense account will be considerably less. Had the weather been fair all week it would probably have made a difference in the receipts of \$8,000 to \$10,000.

**ELECTION OF OFFICERS.**  
The annual election of officers for the ensuing year took place on Thursday, and resulted in the re-election of all the old officers, with the exception of a member of the Executive Committee. The list of officers for the coming year is as follows:

**President**--Wm. Chamberlain, Three Oaks.  
**Treasurer**--A. J. Dean, Adrian.  
**Secretary**--J. C. Sterling, Monroe.  
**Executive Committee**--Wm. Ball, Hamburg, Livingston County; John C. Sharp, Jackson, Jackson County; A. O. Hyde, Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo County; E. W. Rising, Davison Station, Genesee County; I. H. Butterfield, Lapeer, Lapeer County; John Lessiter, Jersey, Oakland County; James M. Turner, Lansing, Ingham County; J. P. Shoemaker, Amherst, Montcalm County; E. H. Smith, Hillsdale, Hillsdale County; Abel Angel, Bradley, Allegan County; D. W. Howard, Pentwater, Oceana County; H. O. Hanford, Plymouth, Wayne County; F. L. Reed, Olivet, Eaton County; A. P. Wood, Mason, Ingham County; Franklin Wells, Constantine, St. Joseph County; J. Q. A. Burrington, Tuscola, Tuscola County; M. P. Anderson, Midland City, Midland County; John Gilbert, Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County; C. W. Young, Paw Paw, Van Buren County.

**THE EXHIBITION OF STOCK.**  
In numbers the exhibition of stock was in advance of last year in nearly all departments. To begin with, the show of cattle was a good one, with here and there some exceptions, which were hardly as good as a State Fair in Michigan demands. On the whole, however, it was a very creditable exhibit. The principal exhibitors in Short-horns were A. D. DeGarmo, of Oakland Co., W. E. Boyden, of Washtenaw Co., A. F. Wood, of Ingham Co., J. C. Sharp, of Jackson Co., B. F. Batchelor, of Livingston Co., Frank Merritt, of Eaton Co., the Agricultural College, Conley & Vary, of Calhoun Co., Chas. Bowditch, of Hillsdale Co., and Jacob Gander, of Lenawee Co. The prizes were widely distributed, but in herds and sweepstakes Messrs. Boyden, DeGarmo, Batchelor and Wood carried off the honors. The judges were Messrs. John Gibson, of Canada, and P. Winslow, of Illinois, both veterans in the business, and their awards gave excellent satisfaction.

In Herefords, the principal exhibitors were Merrill & Fifeid, of Bay City, Edwin Phelps, of Pontiac, Wm. Hamilton, of Flint, Sotham & Stickney, of Flint, and Edwin Driggs, of Palmyra. The herd shown by Merrill & Fifeid contained two heifers, Greenhorn and Lovely, a three and four year old, which deserve special mention even among the many fine animals shown. They represent the highest type of the Hereford, and are a credit to their owners.

In Galloways Mr. R. B. Caruss, of St. Johns, made a big exhibit, and got away with seven premiums, including the sweepstakes on herds.

Holstein-Friesians were present in large numbers, second only to Short-horns, and made a strong showing. In this class M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Stone & Biggs, of Hastings, W. K. Sexton, of Howell, M. R. & C. V. Seeley, of Oakland County, Rowley & Phillips, of Macomb County, were the principal exhibitors, and in point of merit we considered it the best made at a State Fair in Michigan.

Devons were shown by E. S. Walker, of Utica, H. W. Callkins, of Allegan, and H. L. Carrier, of Brookfield, Eaton County, and they made a good exhibit. The storm struck us while looking over the Jerseys, and we did not see some of the exhibitors. Among those we did see were W. J. G. Dean, of Hanover, and E. O. Dewey, of Owasco, and we also saw the fine herd of the Smith Brothers, of Eagle, Clinton Co., and some entries by Hiram Walker & Sons, of Detroit.

A herd of Polled-Angus were on exhibition, but we did not see the party owning them.

On the second page of this issue we say something regarding the exhibition of horses. In numbers it was equal to any ever held in this State, and in the draft classes it was superior both in numbers and the quality of the stock. It showed conclusively how fast Michigan is progressing in improving her stock of horses.

The exhibition of sheep surpassed any former one, especially in the fine and middle wool classes. Merinos were out in force, every class being filled and running over. The boys are feeling good, too, over the prospects of wool. Here were the Barnes Brothers, A. A. Wood, F. C. Wood, Wm. E. N. Ball, C. A. Wood, of Napoleon, E. J. E. W. Hardy, Ray Batchelor, Chas. M. Fellows, J. W. Hibbard, E. N. Kellogg, W. G. Smith, of Olivet, M. C. Thornton, and a number of others. These will all be recognized as old breeders of the Merino. The competition was very sharp. In middle wools J. F. Rundel, John Lessiter, M. Armstrong and Gavin Longmire, of Oakland Co., Dr. Mason and R. Conley, of Marshall, and A. B. West, of Columbiaville, exhibited. The show as a whole was very fine, but there were some sheep present which were not calculated to do credit to the breed. There were Shropshires, Oxford and Southdowns included in this class.

In Long Wools Mr. A. F. Wood, of Mason, Mrs. Ann Newton, of Pontiac, and Montgomery & Westfall, of Hillsdale, were the principal exhibitors.

Hogs were fairly well represented. We have seen a larger number on exhibition, but the quality of those shown was extra good. The Poland-Chinas of Barnes Brothers and G. W. Harrington, the Berkshires of J. W. Hibbard, with the Chester Whites, Yorkshires and Red Jerseys of other exhibitors whom we did not chance to meet, made up a very fine show of hogs in this department.

**AGRICULTURAL HALL.**  
was fairly well filled, and the display of grains, vegetables, roots, etc., very good. Mr. David Woodman made a nice exhibition of the different varieties of grain in the head and also in glass jars, and Mr. D. B. Harrington, of Mason, showed 600 varieties of potatoes, well arranged and carefully labeled. Mr. Harrington is a specialist in potatoes, and keeps up with all the latest varieties by testing them for himself. His exhibit was deserving of great praise for its completeness.

**HORTICULTURAL HALL,** as usual, was a great attraction to visitors, and the officers of the State Horticultural Society, under whose auspices the exhibit is held, were kept busy answering questions and making explanations.  
The Agricultural College made a display from its Horticultural, Botanical and Entomological Departments, which was explained to visitors by a corps of students. Prof. Bailey, of the Horticultural Department, showed 80 varieties of tomatoes. Prof. Beal, of the Botanical Department, showed charts and maps, and Prof. Cook displayed cases of insects which are common in this State. An exhibit under charge of Mr. A. G. Guiley was made by the State Horticultural Society, and contained all the leading varieties of fruit grown in the State, labeled and showing productiveness of the variety, usefulness, habits of the tree, and such useful and interesting information. This was greatly appreciated by those interested in fruit-growing. The counties represented by exhibitors were Washtenaw, Ingham, Jackson, Van Buren, Lapeer, Kent, Oceana, Benzie, Eaton, Calhoun and Berrien.

**APIARIAN HALL,** was under the charge of M. J. Gard, of Volinia, assisted by President Cutting, of the National Association, and Secretary Hutchinson, of the same Association. The exhibition of honey, bees, wax, hives, bee-keepers' publications, etc., was complete and varied, and there was not a time during the fair when there was not a crowd of visitors examining the exhibits. The State Agricultural College had prepared and mounted on card-board a large number of honey plants, with samples of the honey made from each. This was highly appreciated, especially by those farmers who are just making honey sufficient for their own requirements, and have not the time to study up such matters.

**POULTRY.**  
J. Q. A. Burrington, of Tuscola, had this department in charge, and he was very proud of the exhibition made by the poultry breeders of the State. Here congregated men and women, girls and boys, all more or less interested in some special breed of fowls, or taking in the show as a whole. It is surprising how many have the "hen fever," and such an exhibition brings it out with great force. So long as the United States has to import eggs from the Canadian Provinces and even Europe to the amount of a number of millions of dozens yearly, we hope to see the interest in poultry increase. It is making rapid progress in the Western States, but the consumption of eggs and poultry seems to increase still faster.

**DAIRY HALL.**  
was another point of general interest. The manufacturers of churns, creameries, etc., were present to explain the wonderful effectiveness of the various articles, and one wondered why they could not get up something to do away with the cow altogether. The show of butter and cheese was not large, and why more of our butter-makers do not exhibit their product is a question which they alone can answer. The premiums, while not large, are liberal, and we should like to see stronger competition in this department.

**FARM IMPLEMENTS.**  
In number and variety the exhibition in this department was a marvel. It shows conclusively the preponderance of agriculture in the industrial system of the United States, when it can call to its assistance the genius of the inventor, the skill of the mechanic and the money of the capitalist, to provide methods of simplifying its labors and aiding in its development. Every conceivable machine which can be used to save labor in preparing the ground, fencing, ditching, draining and cultivating it, cutting and gathering the ripened grain, and preparing it for market, was on exhibition. The ground enclosed by the half mile track was nearly covered by the immense mass of machinery and implements, and this department possessed special interest for the farming community. There are no awards made in this department, and this leaves those in charge of the various exhibits ample time to explain to visitors the merits of their goods. It was a great educational exhibit.

**MACHINERY HALL.**  
Last season this hall was nearly empty, and there was little in it to attract visitors or entertain them while there. This season it

was filled with a collection of machinery, most of it in operation, and seemed to possess attractions for large numbers of visitors. It was a noisy, stirring place, typical of the age in which we live, and a monument of the inventive genius of the American people.

**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITS.**  
Prof. Grange, of the Veterinary Department of the State Agricultural College, exhibited some of the apparatus and anatomical subjects used in his work at the College, and these always had a group of people around them.

**THE PRIZE DRILL.**  
This was held Friday afternoon on the grounds enclosed within the track and in front of the grand stand. The prizes offered aggregated \$1,000. There were five companies entered, namely, the Jackson Rifles, Detroit Greys, Custer Guards, Grand Rapids Guards and Lansing Cadets, the latter consisting of students attending the Agricultural College. The judges selected were Lieut. Liskern, 20th Regiment Infantry U. S. A., and Lieut. Strong, 4th Regiment Artillery U. S. A., both West Point graduates. The judges made the following report:

**CONDITION OF PLANTS DECEMBER 4, 1885.**  
**Early Oakley**--Very dark green. About 75 per cent came up. Lays very close on ground. Spreads out very nicely.  
**McGhee**--About 90 per cent came up. Leaves short but thick around stalk. Lays close on ground. Well spread, and healthy.  
**Diethl Mediterranean**--Good growth, lays close on ground. Spreads well. Strong and healthy. About 90 per cent dark green color.

**Indian, Imported**--Not more than 5 per cent came up. Has good growth and good color. Very slim stalk.  
**Green**--Rather thin. Does not stool as much as some other varieties. Has good growth and color.  
**Martin's Amber**--Not thick on the ground. Does not lie so close to ground as some other varieties. Has a healthy look.  
**Rogers' Amber**--One of the best varieties at this date. Good color and well spread, lying close on ground.  
**Champion Amber**--Good growth and stands up strong, but not as large as some other varieties.  
**Martin's Amber**--Very good growth and well stooped.  
**Egyptian Wheat**--Light colored. Stands up very straight. Does not stool much. Came up well and made a good growth.

**BRITISH VS. AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.**

The agricultural returns of Great Britain, lately published, give the acreage in wheat at 2,386,066 acres; barley, 2,341,266 acres; oats, 3,081,701 acres; potatoes, 553,990 acres; and hops, 69,997 acres. This shows a large decrease in wheat acreage and hops, slight in barley, a large increase in oats, and considerable decrease in the potato crop. Of British live stock there are 6,646,785 cattle, an increase of 48,821 over 1885. There are 16,176,410 sheep, or 361,197 less than last year; lambs, 9,344,924, or 652,104 less than 1885. The total sheep and lambs in 1886 are 25,521,334. There are 2,321,557 pigs, a decrease of 181,823 over last year. It will be seen that Great Britain is reducing her wheat and barley acreage, also her sheep, lambs, and pigs, while her cattle have increased only .7 per cent over last year.

As against these figures the census of live stock of the United States shows as follows:

**Stock.**  
Horses.....13,354,572  
Mules.....1,972,569  
Sheep.....13,904,732  
Cattle.....29,566,378  
Swine.....50,890,243  
Total.....105,688,094

Commenting on these figures the Chicago Tribune, in its agricultural column, says: "We have increased largely in all classes of live stock except sheep, and the decrease here is deplorable. The low prices of wool for the two years preceding 1886 caused many farmers to get rid of their flocks in every possible way. Now these farmers would like to have their sheep back. Unlike hogs, sheep cannot be bred very much faster than cattle."

Just so, the loss in sheep cannot be made up at once. But what caused the loss? Why did farmers want to get rid of their sheep at any price? Was it not the reduction of the tariff on wool? And who got any benefit from it? Why, the foreign wool-grower and woolen manufacturer. That piece of legislation simply took a number of millions of dollars out of the country to pay for wool and woollens, while our wool-growers and manufacturers were being ruined. It will take two or three years to recover the ground lost by that unfortunate business.

## THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF MICHIGAN.

Bulletin No. 18--Wheat.

NOTES ON VARIETIES GROWN ON COLLEGE FARM, '85 AND '86.

This bulletin is issued to give such facts in regard to the yield, hardiness, and habits of growth of several varieties of wheat which have been grown on the College farm the present season, as may be of general interest to the wheat growers of our State.  
Field No. 8 in the regular rotation was sown with four varieties of wheat.  
**Clawson**--Eight acres. Seed sown, 12 1/2 bushels. Sown Sept. 15, cut July 15. Yield, 151 1/2 bu., 18 1/2 bu. per acre.  
The soil of this field is mainly a rather stiff clay loam; but a portion of the field where the Clawson was sown was a reclaimed tamarack swamp. The wheat on this portion of the field (a mucky soil) seemed to be very much more injured by the drouth than on the heavier land. It produced a heavy growth of straw which lodged badly, and gave a shrunken, poor quality of grain. The fly did serious damage to this variety; the others being little affected.

**Rogers' Amber**--Nine bushels of this variety were sown on six acres next to the Clawson. Sown Sept. 19, harvested July 14. Yield, 159 bu., 26 1/2 bu. per acre.  
This variety has stiff straw of medium length, stands up well, is hardy and has given good satisfaction wherever it was sown last season as far as I have been able to learn.  
We have grown it two years; obtaining our seed from Hon. Henry Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, who introduced it in 1883, I believe, from Pennsylvania.

**Early Oakley**--Very dark green. About 75 per cent came up. Lays very close on ground. Spreads out very nicely.  
**McGhee**--About 90 per cent came up. Leaves short but thick around stalk. Lays close on ground. Well spread, and healthy.  
**Diethl Mediterranean**--Good growth, lays close on ground. Spreads well. Strong and healthy. About 90 per cent dark green color.  
**Indian, Imported**--Not more than 5 per cent came up. Has good growth and good color. Very slim stalk.  
**Green**--Rather thin. Does not stool as much as some other varieties. Has good growth and color.  
**Martin's Amber**--Not thick on the ground. Does not lie so close to ground as some other varieties. Has a healthy look.  
**Rogers' Amber**--One of the best varieties at this date. Good color and well spread, lying close on ground.  
**Champion Amber**--Good growth and stands up strong, but not as large as some other varieties.  
**Martin's Amber**--Very good growth and well stooped.  
**Egyptian Wheat**--Light colored. Stands up very straight. Does not stool much. Came up well and made a good growth.

**CONDITION APRIL 19, 1886, AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE WINTER.**

**Champion Amber**--This variety did not winter-kill very badly in field or in small plots.  
It had rather the advantage over some varieties, as it was sown on a dryer soil. Rather thin on ground, but plants present a healthy, vigorous appearance.  
**Martin's Amber**--Stands well on high ground, low places badly winter killed. Plants strong in best portions of plots and field.  
The imported wheats received from the Department of Agriculture, which promised so well in the fall, White Crimean, Egyptian, Genoese and Indian, are entirely winter killed. Not a single stalk shows vitality.  
**Early Oakley**--Was not entirely killed, but seriously damaged. It was sown on light, dry soil next to the imported varieties, but is too tender for our latitude.  
**McGhee's White**--Was slightly injured by the winter, but in fair condition. Plants seem strong and healthy.  
**Diethl Mediterranean**--This seems a hardy variety. It was not affected by the winter. Plants are strong, of good color and strong growth.

**White Australian**--Notes on Diethl Mediterranean--Slightly injured by the winter and rather thin on ground. Plants of good color and strong growth.  
**Rogers' Amber**--In the field this variety stood the winter fully as well as the Clawson, Martin or Champion Amber. In the Experimental plots it was more injured than the Acacia, Wysox or Diethl Mediterranean, but compares fairly well with the other varieties.

**Surprise**--Is in fair condition but not as vigorous and promising as the Wysox on adjacent plot. Is thin on ground and plants spindling, rather than stocky in appearance.  
**Wysox**--This variety has proved hardy and promises well except on a low place in plot with hard, been injured by standing water. It is vigorous, good color and covers the ground well.

**NOTES ON WHEAT SOWN IN FIELD NO. 8.**  
**Champion Amber**--June 14, 1886.--Nearly all in blossom. Heads slightly bearded, especially near the top. Length of head about three inches, but some only two, two and one-half. Straw above the last leaf of a dark blue tint. Some heads of smut. Stalks bearing them usually much shorter than the average length of straw. Many of the lower leaves are withered brown. Straw stands well and has the appearance of rank growth in most places.  
June 23, 1886.--Average length of straw is about three and one-half feet.  
June 24, 1886.--This variety was the best in the field. Stands quite even, heads good length; as far advanced as the Clawson.  
July 1, 1886.--Leaves all dead. Straw turning. Still in milk.  
**Rogers' Amber**--June 14, 1886.--Wheat in blossom. Straw above last leaf dark blue

and resembling the Champion Amber. Straight and thick in most places. Lower leaves yellow. But little smut.

June 16, 1886.--This variety seems to be affected by dry weather more than other varieties in this field.

June 23, 1886.--Straw about three and one-half feet in length. Heads about two and three-quarter inches in length and small. Slightly affected by rust.  
**Martin's Amber**--June 14, 1886.--Mostly in blossom, except in the center of the field there is a strip where wheat is thin and short. Slightly bearded at tip. Heads about same length as Champion Amber. Straw above last leaf is of a whitish blue color. Straw about three, to three and one-half feet long. Color of heads give plot a whitish appearance.

June 23, 1886.--There is a slight appearance of rust.

July 1, 1886.--Straw looks quite white. Grain not as ripe as Champion.

July 6, 1886.--Grain out of milk. Straw some green.  
**Clawson**--June 14, 1886.--Heads slightly bearded at the top and in blossom. About three inches in length. Smut is quite plentiful.

June 16, 1886.--Mostly past blossom. Lower leaves are turning yellow. Insects are working in this variety.  
June 24, 1886.--Length of straw three and one-half feet. Heads somewhat affected with rust. Insects are working badly, and wheat is going down on account of it. More rust in this plot than in any of the others.

**NOTES ON EXPERIMENTAL WHEAT PLANTS**  
**IN NO. 3.**  
**Early Oakley**--June 23, '86.--Badly winter killed. Heads of medium length but loose. Beardless. Thin on ground. Six stalks to the stool. No rust or smut, but a number of heads are drying up and the kernels are dropping off. Most forward of any poor. Straw uneven and rusty. Heads loose.  
June 30, '86.--On light, sandy soil is very poor. Straw uneven and rusty. Heads loose.  
July 1, '86.--The one thing quite noticeable is the amount of covering to kernel, which is much thinner than the other kinds. This will make it shell easier when ripe. Not out of milk.  
**McGhee's White**--June 23, '86.--Heads from two and one-half to three inches in length and loose. Thin on the ground, from three to four stalks on a stool. Very little smut and no rust. Straw two and one-half to four feet high and quite strong. About as forward as White Australian.  
June 23, '86.--Some rust on the leaves. A good many stalks are cut down by "the fly."

June 25, '86.--Does not look well. Heads long and thin but not compact. Grain almost out of milk.  
June 30, '86.--Is ripening unevenly. No smut.

July 1, '86.--Straw looks quite ripe.  
**Diethl Mediterranean**--June 23, '86.--Darker color than the White Australian and not quite so forward. Heads about three inches long. Bearded. Straw long and strong, about four feet in length over whole plot. No smut or rust. Three to six stalks to the stool. Thick on the ground.  
June 25, '86.--Wheat stands well and looks like the "Treadwell."

June 30, '86.--Ripening evenly and the kernel just beginning to harden.  
July 1, '86.--Full as far advanced as White Australian. Would do well to cut now, being hard and plump.  
**White Australian**--June 23, '86.--Heads two to three inches in length. Heads quite compact and well filled. Light green in color and turning yellow. Some smut but no rust. Straw from three to four feet in length and strong. Three to six stalks on each stool.  
June 25, '86.--Stalks are beginning to ripen. July 8, '86.--Stiff dough state. Straw quite ripe. Will do to cut.  
**Martin's Amber**--June 23, '86.--Green in color and not very forward. Beardless. Heads are beginning to harden. Straw about 3 1/2 feet in length. Some little smut but no rust. Thin on the ground.  
July 1, '86.--This variety stools much more than the others. Heads quite long. Grain not out of milk.

**Surprise**--June 30, '86.--Poor generally. Our best soil straw is of fair length, with compact heads. Is a few days earlier than Martin's Amber.  
July 6, '86.--Straw quite ripe. Grain hard, chaff has a red tinge.  
The Diethl Mediterranean and the imported varieties were from seed furnished by the National Department of Agriculture.

We invite the suggestions of farmers and all interested; that in the continuance of this work of testing varieties, etc., the most practical results are secured.  
SAMUEL JOHNSON,  
Prof. of Agriculture and Supt. of the Farm, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Mich., Sept. 4, 1886.

Weights of Merino Lambs.

## HOG CHOLERA.

The telegraph reports that one of the most virulent epidemics of hog cholera ever experienced in that section of Illinois is now raging in the southwest part of Champaign County, along the Kaskaskia or Okaw River, and is chiefly confined to Sadorus township. The disease first appeared several days ago, and has rapidly destroyed some of the finest herds of swine in this part of Illinois. The disease is still working up the west bank of the Olaw and spreading through the county. It is so fatal in its character that scarcely any of the afflicted animals recover, and a very few in any infected herd escape an attack. The loss so far entailed upon the farmers in the region mentioned is not less than \$12,000, and from present indications will exceed \$25,000 within a short time. Farmers in the path of the plague can secure no protection from it, and dealers refuse to purchase their hogs after the disease has reached the neighborhood. These outbreaks are quite common among the hogs in the great corn-growing States, and while there may be some specific cause for them, it is nearly sure to start where corn is relied upon nearly entirely for growing hogs. It is a well established fact that cholera never attacks the hogs of certain States and the Canadian Provinces, where corn is not largely grown, and is only relied upon to finish up hogs after they have been grown upon other food. Hogs fed entirely upon corn are deficient in bone and muscle, and have a superabundance of fat--a condition which renders them very susceptible to the attacks of disease, and with too little vitality to withstand such attacks. To get healthy pork, a hog should be grown before it is fattened. Attention to the hygienic conditions of your hogs; a change of diet, and not keeping them in large herds, will keep the cholera at a distance if it is not brought in by infected animals or some other way. The editor of *The Hog*, speaking on this subject, says that in selecting a farm for hog-raising he would avoid one with a running stream. He argues that farms with such streams have wrought great havoc among the most careful farmers, and their dangers far outweigh all other advantages. During dry seasons their stagnant waters are pollution, and during wet seasons their backwaters form cesspools of filth that are tempting, but deadly to the hogs. Drying epidemics they become mere arteries of disease, retelling the tale and spreading contagion. If you are without such a water course do not seek one, and if you have one keep the hogs away from it.

**AGRICULTURISTS IN CONVENTION.**  
The American Agricultural and Dairy Association met at Philadelphia on Wednesday last. The States represented by delegates were Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, Kansas, and Massachusetts. A delegation was also present from Canada. A letter was received from President Cleveland regretting his inability to be present. In it he said











**DOOR PRAIRIE LIVE**  
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**IMPORTERS** and breeders of Clydesdale and  
stock selected by one of the firm with reference  
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**imported sires and dams and grades of our own**  
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11 Mission library. List of books purchased  
23 & October 1st. Send for one.  
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Scottish Collie Sheepfold Dogs  
 Fancy Poultry. Seed for Cattle  
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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, particularly along the edges. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black or dark brown, cover material. The overall lighting is even, highlighting the subtle variations in the paper's tone.



## THE FUNERAL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church de-  
scended and dim,  
When slowly through the window came a  
plaintive funeral hymn;  
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quick-  
ly grew.  
Till I found myself environed in a little negro  
pew.  
Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow,  
nearly wild;  
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child  
I could picture him when living—curling hair,  
preaching lip—  
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried  
Southern trip.  
But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of  
Death.  
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his  
hale fluttering breath;  
And no funeral ever glistened with more sym-  
phony profound  
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that en-  
clashed those mourners round.  
Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little  
wooden desk—  
With a manner grandly awkward, with a coun-  
tenance grotesque;  
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian  
face;  
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed,  
undying race.  
And he said: "Now don't be weepin' for dis  
pretty b'by o' clay—  
For de little boy who lived here, he done gone  
an' run away!  
He was doin' very shly, an' he 'preciates  
your love;  
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large  
house up above.  
"Now, he didn't give you dat baby, by a hun-  
dred thousand mile!  
He just think you need some sunshine, an' he  
brought it for you!  
An' he let you keep an' love it, till your hearts  
was bigger grown;  
De silver tears he sheddin' jest de in-  
terest on de loan.  
"Here yer e'er pretty children—don't be mak-  
in' it appear  
Dat your love got sort o' 'nol'pized by dis little  
fellow here;  
Pile up too much your sorrow on deir little  
mental shelves,  
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no ac-  
count demselves!  
"Just you think, yo poor deah mounah, creepin'  
long o'er sorrow's way,  
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got  
to-day!  
Your good faders and good moders crowd de  
little fellow round  
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation  
Ground.  
"An dey ask him 'Was your feet sore?' an' take  
up his little shoes,  
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say  
'Now, what's de news?'  
De Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de  
little fellow say,  
All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de  
hebbenly way.  
"An his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty  
things he view;  
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I wan  
my parents, too!  
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a  
little song;  
Says, 'If only dey be fad'ful dey will soon be  
comin' long.'  
"An he'll get an education dat will probably  
be worth  
Several times as much as any you could buy for  
him on earth;  
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house, with-  
out no contempt or fear;  
While dey's no end to de bad things might have  
happened to him here.  
"So my peech dejected mounah, let your heart  
wid Jesus rest;  
An' don't go to criterion dat an One w'at knows  
de best!  
He have sent me comfort—his love right  
to take away—  
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever!  
—Let us pray."  
—Harper's Weekly.

## Miscellaneous.

HOW SANTHA'S HUSBAND  
WENT SHOPPING.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"When you going to Philadelphia, Mart?"  
asked Mrs. Santha Ann Greenway, as she  
rinsed the coffee cups and placed them on the  
waiver. "To-morrow? I'm so glad! My  
chicken's quarter money is come to consid-  
erable this mornin', an' I want lots o' new  
things. Think you could git 'em? Seems  
a pity for me to lose a whole day, an' spend  
more'n two dollars on them pesky kears,  
when you've got to go on business. I guess  
you could suit me; you use 'er do all yer  
mother's shopping."  
"Well, I could try, Santha Ann; but I  
don't know. Women's fixin's is so cur'us!  
What you got to git?"  
"I've got to have some caliker gownds,  
fust an' foremost, 's I s'pose, and Achsah wants  
a few fixin's. However, it won't trouble  
you much, for I'll have 'em all writ out.  
An', father, you must git some homespun  
for yourself. You reely hain't got nothin'  
much 'sides your weddin' suit, an' mussy  
knows dat ought to be wore out, though it  
don't look disrespectable yet; only I never  
did like them swallow's tails."  
"Pa going to the city?" asked Achsah  
Jane, a girl of sixteen, coming in with a big  
loaf of rye bread hot from the kitchen stove.  
"Oh, pa, please do take me."  
"He can't, Achsah; not just yet," said her  
mother. "You wouldn't want to go with  
your last year's bonnet on, that you ain't  
willin' to wear to picnics even. You'd bet-  
ter set down what things you can't do with  
out very well, but you must make the list  
short, Achsah, 'nless your father should git  
more than he expects—more money, I mean."  
"I'll make two lists," said Achsah, laugh-  
ing—"one for short fodder, and the other  
for long. Well, I forgot," she added, as her  
mother looked her disapprobation; "I meant  
money."  
"She's a reg'lar boy, mother," said the  
farmer, with a chuckle, "an' she always  
will be."  
"You'll take the big spring wagon, I  
s'pose," said his wife. "I wish you'd git  
that five gallon can full of oil."  
"I do hate peskily to take that can," said  
the farmer; "he always a-talking about with  
the least jolting; but I s'pose I'll hev to.  
Fix it as tight as you can, and hev every-

thing in readiness by seven. Mind, I don't  
want no one, you know, Santha Ann."  
"Oh, don't you worry," said the farmer's  
wife, absently, as living the problem in her  
mind of how far to make twenty-five dollars  
go, and how to suit prices to the exigencies  
of her many needs. "There's the table-linen  
and towels!" she ejaculated, mentally, "an'  
a piece or two of cotton cloth, an' things for  
Achsah—'twon't do not to git her a gown or  
two, a ribbon, an' a new hat. Oh dear! I  
wish I could go! Ef 'wasn't for my back,  
ef only I could stan' that wagon; but I can't  
think o' layin' out two or three dollars on  
them kears. I'd rather spend it in groceries.  
I wish I dare to trust Achsah, but she's young  
an' flighty, an' ud be taken with every new  
thing she saw. No. Mart's got extraordi-  
nary judgment—at least he used ter hev—  
an' I kin trust him, 'specially as there's law  
against liquor."

Poor Santha Ann. She had been imposed  
upon by some good neighbor of limited  
knowledge, and thought that all the bar-  
rooms in all the principal cities had been  
closed. Mart had never in his life been, so  
to say, drunk; but once or twice he had been  
overcome to the extent of taking a broom-  
stick for Santha Ann, and sour milk for mo-  
lasses; still, that was in the dusk of long  
years ago. As a general thing, he never  
touched the "critter," as his wife called it.  
"Now don't let any one impose on ye,  
Mart," she said, chucking him under the  
chin with wifely jollity, as she tied his mad-  
der red "handkercher" round his big brown  
neck. "You've got a good deal of your own  
money 'long with ye, as well as mine; spend  
as little money as ye can, but git things  
that's needed."

"And don't forget to buy me a book, pa,"  
added Achsah. "And something sweet and  
nice. I wish ice-cream could be froze into a  
solid chunk. I'd like some o' that, now."  
"Remember the homespun, an' don't bring  
me home no present on no account," said  
his wife, smilingly.

As they stood there side by side, mother  
and daughter, Mart, looking back, thought  
to himself: "Seems 'f I could go to fallin'  
in love over agen with Santha Ann. She  
don't look much older than Achsah—she  
don't, that's a fact—an' I will bring her  
home a present."

Off rattled the big wagon behind the two  
powerful gray horses, and the mother and  
daughter went to their daily tasks full of  
pleasurable anticipations.

Mart sat jauntily behind his grays, specu-  
lating on the probability of coming back full-  
handed. He had secretly put a little money  
for speculation in the hands of a business  
friend, quite prepared to lose it, but still  
hopeful. Scarcely had he reached the city  
when he met this same old acquaintance.

"Good news for you!" cried the latter.  
"I made a little cool hundred for you on  
that venture. Do you want the money now,  
or shall I invest again?"  
"Well, I rather guess I'll take it now,"  
said Mart, with bounding pulses, "an' try  
some other time. I'm in for business,  
and there's lots to be done for the folks to  
home. They don't know nothing about this,  
you see, an' I kinder want to surprise 'em."  
"Very good; you shall have it. Come  
right in here to this restaurant, and I'll set-  
tle with you."

The two men entered. Lunch was ordered,  
and with the lunch wine.

"I told Santha Ann I wouldn't drink no  
liquor," said Mart. "You see, it goes to  
my head before I know it, an' I've got con-  
siderable business to do."

"Liquor! You wouldn't call this mild  
and harmless beverage liquor, I hope? It  
has positively no intoxicating effects. You  
might drink sixty glasses, and then think  
of de best!"

"Well, seein's you say," said the easy  
farmer, "I s'pose I may just drink a little.  
Only one glass will do."

But mechanically Mart drank as often as  
his friend filled up the glass, and though he  
was so far under its influence that he  
hardly knew where he was after he had  
found his way to the first-class store to  
which Santha Ann had directed him.

"What will you have?" asked the polite  
clerk.

"I'll hev a cheer, providin' you can 'com-  
modate me," said Mart, looking impatiently  
at the clean-shaved face before him. "I feel  
a little top-heavy."

A chair was brought. Mart took off his  
hat, placed it on the floor, and sat down.  
Then he began to fumble in his pockets, first  
his coat, then his trousers, then his vest, and  
finally, to the amusement of two or three of  
the clerks ranged round, who were watching  
the proceedings, he turned the list out of the  
inside pocket of his vest, together with San-  
tha Ann's roll of bills.

"Bleeg me by reading them 'ere, if you  
please," he said, with a solemn roll of his  
eye, giving the list to the clerk. "Santha  
Ann's wrote what she wants."

"Indeed, my friend, I can't make it out,"  
said the clerk, after looking it over.

"K-a-l-l-k-e-r." I suppose that means  
calico," he said, after spelling it out.

"Well, yes, I s'pose so. Santha Ann's  
more of a scholar than I be," said the  
farmer. "Let me see. I guess I can git  
through it. Yes, I see, kaliker; seeducker!  
—I don't know what that is; cotton, a hun-  
dred yards, that means spool cotton, I cal-  
late; ball baby stockings; I wonder whose  
baby she means; we ain't got none. Catch  
a mare—well, that is cur'us. I don't catch  
no more on this expedition."

"She probably means seeducker—an article  
for ladies' dresses—Bairbrigan stock-  
ings, and cashmere," said the clerk, politely,  
behind a smothered smile.

"Well, I'm glad you know—I don't," was  
Mart's answer; and together they made out  
the list.

"You had better take your cotton and  
needles by the box; we always sell that way  
to parties out of town," said the clerk.

"Here is something I think means satteen,"  
he added, as he pointed out a word under-  
lined—it was satinet. "Well, we'll put  
these up to the best of our ability, and have  
them ready for you in an hour."

"Very well," said Mart, thickly. "I'll  
be here by that time. Help yourself out o'  
them twenty-five dollars, and git me the  
change if there is any; if not, I've got plenty  
of cash; and he swaggered out of the store.

At a late hour he came back, his wagon so  
loaded up that there was scarcely room to  
stow away the numerous bundles brought  
out of the dry-goods houses. His gait was  
unsteady and his speech almost unintelligi-

ble by this time, for he had imbibed several  
times since lunch, and even bought some of  
the article to take home with him.

Meantime his women folks passed a happy  
and comfortable day. There was little work  
to do, and no dinner to get. Santha Ann  
got out her sewing machine and gave it a  
thorough over-hauling preparatory to the  
work she was expecting to begin on the morrow.  
Achsah anticipated the sensation she  
should make in her new hat with a bunch  
of blood-red poppies perched atop.

"It would be nice to set in the congrega-  
tion, so folks could see," she said, half re-  
gretfully, to her mother. "Up in the choir  
nobody knows whether you have new things  
or not."

"They'll know it, Achsah," said her  
mother, reflectively. "Hats is consp'cuous  
nowadays."

Just then one of the neighbors came in.  
It was Widow Norris, with her everlasting  
tattling—and tattling, as Achsah said to her-  
self. One of the widow's friends had just  
come in by the cars, and brought news that  
he had met "the deacon," and that he was  
stumbling tipsy—as tipsy as ever was. The  
curious widow did not come to retail this bit  
of news. Oh no! She was no slanderer of  
her neighbors, but she sat so stiff and so-  
lemn, giving now Santha Ann and now  
Achsah the benefit of her silent sympathy, in  
the shape of long pitiful glances, that mother  
and daughter were uneasy in her presence,  
and could not tell why.

But the widow had come to stay.  
Santha Ann put the cover on her sewing-  
machine, got tea, and sat down to wait.  
The widow waited also.

"I never knew Mart to be gone so long  
before," said Santha, visibly anxious.  
"P'raps he had a big load," said the  
widow, in sepulchral tones. "But you  
mustn't indulge in vague speculations; I'll  
stay till he comes."

This little speech the widow delivered  
with plying accents. It seemed to imply  
that she would stand between them and  
harm, whatever happened.

"I guess we'll have tea, Achsah," said her  
mother. "I'm kinder goose-fleshy; a cup o'  
hot tea 'll do you good all round."

The meal over, Santha Ann washed the  
dishes in silence. Seven, eight, nine o'clock  
struck, and still no sign of the deacon.

At ten Santha Ann went out, for the  
twentieth time, and peered down the moon-  
light road. She was very uneasy; but  
when she reflected that Mart had a good  
deal of business to attend to, and Achsah  
suggested that he had on one or two occa-  
sions before staid over night, she gave him  
up at eleven, and they all went to bed, the  
widow included, who kept her own counsel.

Could they have seen, not more than two  
miles from home, in a secluded hollow, the  
object of their solicitude fast asleep, the  
jaded horses asleep as well, the moonlight  
falling upon the portly figure of the deacon,  
they would hardly have dreamed of midnight  
assassins, boarding-house expenses, and cat-  
tle feed as did Santha Ann the whole night  
long.

All would have been well, for the deacon  
at least, if, as the sun rose and he rose too,  
he had not applied to the bottle for comfort.  
Some way he dreading to meet Santha Ann,  
when he realized that he had been all night  
coming home, and his befogged brain craved  
more of the stimulant which had so basely  
betrayed him.

At early sunrise the three women sat down  
to breakfast, and that meal over, came the  
thud of horses' feet and a shrill voice beat-  
ing about the bush to the time of "We  
w-won't!" (very loud) "go home till mor-  
ning; we w-won't!" (still louder) "go home  
till Sunday mornin' (also) any how."

Santha Ann looked at Achsah with the  
heart-beat in her face.

"Santha (hie), old girl, come out here—  
gee up, Dobi—come out here! I've brung  
you home a (hie) present—half a dozen  
of 'em—come along, Santha—Jong a long—upsy  
dempsy, Santha Ann."

Well, the disgraceful truth was that San-  
tha, seeing the horror-struck face of the  
widow, as well as the pity in her eyes,  
straightened herself at once. Her pride  
took fire.

"Achsah," she said, with flashing eyes,  
"your father's been mighty lucky, or he  
wouldn't 'a' took a single glass o' beer. I  
shouldn't wonder ef he'd made a thousand  
dollars!"

Then they both went out. The farmer  
was literally singing happy. He sang as he  
shook hands, sang as he unloaded, roared  
when he saw the widow, and wanted to  
dance with her; and finally, after drinking  
a strong cup of tea, he sat down somewhat  
subdued; while the widow discreetly left  
and went into the kitchen.

"Well, Santha," laughed her husband,  
as the hired man took the horses away,  
"see if I haven't remembered ye! An' I  
didn't tech no liquor; I only took some  
beverage once or twice."

"Indeed, my friend, I can't make it out,"  
said the clerk, after looking it over.

"K-a-l-l-k-e-r." I suppose that means  
calico," he said, after spelling it out.

"Well, yes, I s'pose so. Santha Ann's  
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loaded up that there was scarcely room to  
stow away the numerous bundles brought  
out of the dry-goods houses. His gait was  
unsteady and his speech almost unintelligi-

er?" tearfully urged his wife; "that thing  
with the churn-handle?"

"That is it, Achsah Ann—I mean Santha  
Jane; you kin make gallons of ice-cream for  
Achsah an' me."

"But we never see ice here," cried his  
wife, at her wits' end.

"Hire Spot Pond next winter, Santha  
Ann; jest hire Spot Pond, the hull of it, an'  
we'll hev a corner in ice ourselves, an' make  
'nough ice-cream to last all winter."

"And what is this?" asked his wife,  
picking up a large roll.

"Lot's o' sheet music for Achsah; 'nough  
to last her long as she lives. Got it at a  
bargain, Santha Ann—got 'em all at bar-  
gains, horsehoes an' all."

Santha Ann groaned. "But Achsah hain't  
got no planner," she said, despairingly.  
"Nor no organ, nor anything."

"We can buy 'em, Santha—lot's o' 'em;  
they'll be handy to hev in the family," mut-  
tered the farmer, now half asleep.

"And this awful thing!" Santha went on,  
picking up a hideous steeple-crowned hat—  
"the awful thing I ever saw, and the  
coarsest. It's a man's straw hat!"

"Tain't. I got it for Achsah, 'n' I got it  
cheap, too."

This was too much. The woman threw  
the hat across the floor, stumbled over bun-  
dles and boxes and farming implements,  
and made for the door. She turned round  
for a final question.

"Did you git something for a suit of  
clothes?" she asked, her facial muscles con-  
torted.

"I did, Santha Ann—I did," he answer-  
ed, solemnly, with a side wave of his right  
hand. "I got fifty yards. Make 'em loose,  
Santha Ann—make 'em loose; there's  
plenty o' material."

Between crying and laughing the woman  
went out of the room, and sat down in the  
kitchen, almost ready to despair.

"Well," said the widow, who was now  
wiping up the last of the dishes, "no one  
can't say but he's a good provider."

"I'd just like to hear any one say any-  
thing about it!" muttered Santha Ann, in-  
dignantly, and the widow meekly subsided.

"Well, I s'pose I must fill the lamps.  
Thank Heaven he did git the oil!" said San-  
tha. "It's a blessed mercy it didn't run  
out of the wagon." And she went slowly  
out in the hall, where the big five-gallon can  
stood.

Through the open door she could see that  
Mart had arisen and was staggering round.  
He saw her lift the can and spoke: "You  
bet your life, Santha Ann, I had mis'able  
work keepin' that thing from 'splodin'.

I put my foot on it an' held my umbrella  
over it to keep it out o' the moonshine, an'  
the cork popped out, an' I stuffed it up best  
I could. Don't you never send me after no  
kerosene no more."

"I won't send you after anything, if I  
know myself," snapped his wife, and took  
up the can.

"My gracious to goodness!" she cried,  
as she tried to decant some of the fluid into  
a smaller flask, "what's this!"

"Kinder looks like m'lasses," said the  
widow.

"Oh, heavens! it is! When will my  
troubles end?" sobbed Santha Ann. "Five  
gallons of good sweetening utterly spoiled! I  
do think that's the straw too much, an' I  
won't bear it—I won't. I'll send Mart  
about his business. To think! he must 'a  
been drugged by those wicked, designin'  
villens!"

"Oh, well, men 'll do them things,"  
said the widow. "S'pose he went on that  
way right along?"

"I a kin him, I bleeve," muttered San-  
tha, fiercely; then here fell on the roll  
that had done duty as a cork. She looked  
at it through tear-dimmed eyes as she pick-  
ed it up. It was creased and tumbled and  
smeared with molasses, but nevertheless she  
smiled a sickly smile and thrust it into her  
pocket.

Then she went back into the living-room,  
and found that Mart had fallen fast asleep  
on the lounge. She began to investigate  
again, opening bundle after bundle, some to  
her satisfaction, others fairly making her  
blood boil, as she afterward intimated to  
Achsah. There were patent gridirons, coffee-  
pots, broilers, a machine with ponderous  
wings for keeping off flies, three rat-traps  
of different designs, all patented, boxes of  
needles, red cotton, and darning implements  
—things that she never could use. There  
were over forty yards of satteen, a whole  
piece of calico, a shawl that would have  
matched Joseph's coat, which her affection-  
ate spouse had doubtless intended for a  
present, a pack of cards, a knitting-mach-  
ine, a child's rocking-chair, and a small  
patent iron bedstead. Besides these there  
were packages of candy, crockery, crackers,  
cakes, and a dozen or two of canned vege-  
tables.

"What ever will I do?" sighed Santha  
Ann; "what shall I do?"

"Well, you can sell some of 'em,"  
Santha Ann looked up—there stood the  
ubiquitous widow, a broad smile on her  
face, as she took in the situation.

"No, I won't. I'll keep the hull of 'em,  
an' if Mart ain't a wiser man after he gets  
out this spree, I'll know the reason why."

Then she went upstairs.

Achsah stood by the widow wiping her  
eyes; she had been crying.

"Never you mind, dear," said her moth-  
er, her kind maternal heart stirred; "don't  
go to feel bad."

"I don't s'pose he even thought of my  
hat," said the girl, tearfully.

"No, dear; not the right kind of one, but  
he—"

"I knew he wouldn't. I'll never trust  
him again."

"But he did git lots o' useful things, dear."  
"Yes; the carpet-sweeper and the cradle,  
and the ice-cream churn and the—"

"Well, well, let's make the best of it,  
Achsah."

"It'll be all over town," sobbed the girl.  
"Yes, but—"

"And I can't go to church next Sunday,  
and all the girls with their new hats! I  
won't wear the old one—I vow I won't."

"You sha'n't, my dear. We'll go into  
the city ourselves by the train, you and I."  
"That's likely, when father's spent all  
his money and yours too."

"Look here, Achsah!"  
Achsah looked. What did she see? A big  
roll of bank-bills which her mother flourish-  
ed in the air over her head.

"Oh, Achsah! there's a hundred dollars!  
How he come by 'em I don't know, an' how

he kept 'em I can't say; but they are, an' it al-  
most takes my breath away to think where I  
found 'em. He had rolled 'em up and put  
'em for a cork in the nose of the kerosene  
can, an' the can was full of molasses." She  
stopped now to laugh.

"Ef he hain't been  
on a canter, then my name ain't Santha  
Ann. Won't he be ashamed?—deacon of the  
church and all! Oh, we've got him well  
under! He won't dare to say 'city' to me  
for a year to come; no, not till the day of his  
death. I'm going to put the cradle in my  
bedroom right o'f his eyes, an' the cream  
freezer, an' lots o' things, an' I'm going to  
'prorate that hundred dollars too. I won't  
spend it all, though; only make up for the  
things he didn't git; an' I'll buy a carpet  
too, Achsah, so he didn't git that sweeper  
in vain."

"Oh, mother!" cried Achsah, drying her  
tears. "How soon can we go?"

"Well, I call late we can go to-day, if we  
can git ready in an hour. The widow says  
she'll stay here till we come back, so's to  
git the dinner. We'll see how our shopping  
compares with his, an' we won't drink no  
beverages either. But, Achsah, I s'pect if  
we weren't the victims, we'd split our sides  
laughing over the deacon's purchases."

When Mart woke up, about one o'clock,  
he found his dinner ready and his wife and  
daughter missing. He had a confused idea  
that he had driven them both from home,  
and was inconsolable till the widow handed  
a note from his wife, which ran thus:

"MART INGRAM.—You cum home beest-  
ly drunk this mornin' at sun-up. Ain't you  
ashamed? an' you a deacon of the church!!  
Now I hev got to go in town to git  
things reely needed, an' I've took that hun-  
dred dollars you stoped up the kerosene can  
with. It won't be me fault if I don't spend  
every cent of it, tho I don't know how you  
got it—gamboled for it perhaps. Bye the  
time I come home I hope you will be sober!"

He was. He lived on humble pie for a  
month, and wore sackcloth and ashes in  
meekness and repentance for a year. Never  
did he ask for the change of his hundred  
dollars, but he always looked medita-  
tively at the bright-fingering carpet which  
adorned the parlor to this day, and which he  
unwittingly conjured out of the carpet-  
sweeper.

But he never touched wine again, and  
"beverages" of every description, except  
tea and coffee, he always afterward declined.  
—Harper's Bazar.

The Wonders of an Egg.

Mr. Matthias Williams, in one of his  
lectures, says: "Every one who eats  
his maternal egg eats a sermon and a  
miracle. Inside of that smooth, symmet-  
rical, beautiful shell lurks a question  
which has been the Troy town for all the  
philosophers and scientists since  
Adam. Armed with the engines of  
war—the microscope, the scales, the  
offensive weapons of chemistry and  
reason—they have probed and weighed  
and experimented, and still the ques-  
tion is unsolved, the citadel unsacked.  
Prof. Bokorny can tell you that albu-  
men is composed of so many molecules  
of carbon and nitrogen and hydrogen  
and can persuade you of the difference  
between active and passive albumen,  
and can show by wonderfully delicate  
experiments what the aldehydes have  
to do in the separation of gold from his  
complicated solutions; but he can't  
tell why from one egg comes a little  
rid h'm, and from another a bantam.

You leave your little silver spoon an  
hour in your egg-cup, and it is coated  
with a compound of sulphur. Why is  
that sulphur there? Wonderful, that  
evolution should provide for the bones  
of the future hen! There is phosphor-  
ous also in that little microcosm; and  
the oxygen of the air,



## AN AUGUST IDYL.

Well, vacation is over. I've come back to town, with a heart that's a deal worse for wear. And my spirits once light are decidedly down. I am a lame man. Perhaps 'tis as well to declare I'm in love!

The symptoms exactly—I dream and I pine, you see I'm inspired to write. Had verse, and that's an infallible sign—But fancy a man in this curious plight, I love two!

The moon which illumines this hot, sultry night Reminds me how one month ago, I wandered with Dorothy, pliant and bright, on the cliffs down at Newport. We talked—well you know, Not much sense.

I love her, adore her. But can I forget The days with dear Imogen spent, In the mountains? And how in sweet intercourse We speak and mine, as together we bent O'er "Lucile."

Now, one of these two charming girls, I have I will marry. But which shall it be? For wedded to either, I'd certainly mourn For the other who seemed just as charming to me.

I despair!

So I must decide, for 'tis cruel to play With a woman's affections. Ah, what a letter from each! I am lucky to-day. Let me see. "You'll congratulate," "usher,"—Great Scott!

Both engaged!

## An Irish Letter.

MY DEAR SIR:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful blood and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky, and when we sit down to dinner are obliged to keep both hands armed.

While I write this letter I hold a sword in one hand and the pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet.

At present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed.

No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in the coach but two outside passengers who had nothing to take.

Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drum except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them.

We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went; and by the time half of our band was killed we began to be all alive.

Fortunately they had no guns but pistols, cutlasses and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in adjoining bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard except silence.

Their uniforms are all of different colors, but mostly green.

After the action we went to rummage their camp, all we found were a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full with water, and a bundle of blank French muskets filled up with Irishmen's names.

Troops are stationed everywhere round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. Nothing, however, can save us but a union with England, which would turn our barren hills into fertile valleys.

Have only leisure to add that I am in great haste.

P. S.—If you don't receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to let me know.

## Letter from a Father to a Son.

I see by your picture that you have got one of those pleated coats, with a belt around it and short pants. They make you look as you did when I used to spank you in your gone by, and I feel the same old desire to do it now that I did then. Old and hoarse as I am, it seems to me as though I would spank a boy that wears knickerbockers buttoned on a Garibaldi waist, and a pleated jacket.

If it wasn't for them cute little camel's hair whiskers of yours I would not believe that you had grown up to be a large, expensive boy, with grown-up thoughts. Some of the thoughts you express in your letters are beyond your years. Do you think them yourself, or is there some boy in the school that thinks all the thoughts for the rest?

Some of your letters are so deep that your mother and I can hardly grapple with them. One of them especially was so full of foreign stuff that you had got out of the bill of fare, that we would have to wait till you come home before we take it in. I can talk a little Chippewa, but that is all the foreign language that I am familiar with. When I was young we had to get our foreign languages the best we could, so I studied Chippewa with a master. A Chippewa chief took me into his camp and kept me there for some time while I acquired his language. He became so much attached to me that I had great difficulty in coming away.

I wish you would write in United States dialect as much as possible, and not try to analyze your parents with imported expressions that come too high for poor people.

Remember that you are the only boy we've got, and we are only going through the motions of living here for your sake. For the day is wearing out, and it is now way along into the shank of the evening.

All we ask of you is to improve on the old people. You can see where I fooled myself, and you can do better. Read and write and siffer and polo and get nollodge, and try not to be ashamed of your uncultivated parents.

When you get that checkered little sawed off coat on and a pair of knee pants, and that poker-dot necktie, and the sassy little boys' holler "rats" when you pass by and your heart is bowed down, remember that, no matter how foolish you may look, your parents will never sour on you.—American Exchange.

## They Did Their Own Marketing.

Daniel Webster is described by Maj. Moore in many places. "He was known," says he, "as 'Black Dan,' from his swarthy complexion. He had a stalwart frame, a massive head, crowned with a wealth of black hair, and his heavy eyebrows overhung deep cavernous eyes. He was a marked man in any crowd. Daniel Webster was a good liver, but he had no care about money." Maj. Moore says that he was often in pecuniary straits, though his professional income could not have been less than \$20,000 a year. He received \$70,000 for a single fee as counsel for the Commissioners on Spanish claims, and his friends in Boston at one time raised a purse to enable him to purchase the house in which the millionaire Corcoran now lives." Daniel Webster did his own marketing, says Major Moore. He was a regular attendant at the Marsh Market on market mornings. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by a servant bearing a large basket, in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, fish-mongers and green-grocers with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention. He always liked to have a friend or two at his dinner table, and in inviting them, *sans ceremony*, he would say in his deep, cheery voice, "Come and dine with me to-morrow. I purchased a noble saddle of Valley of Virginia mutton in market last week, and I think you will enjoy it." Or, "I received some fine codfish from Boston to-day, sir; will you dine with me at five o'clock and taste them?" Or, "I found a famous 'possum in market this morning, sir, and left orders with Monica, my cook, to have it baked in the real old Virginia style, with stuffing of chestnuts and surrounded by baked sweet potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come and taste it."

President Harrison also attended the Washington markets, and it was getting up early and going out in the wet that killed him. He was an obstinate old fellow, and he stood on the front steps of the Capitol without his overcoat on the day of his inauguration. And a few days before he was taken sick he was overtaken by a shower on one of those marketing excursions and refused to change his clothes when he came in.

## The Honey Ants.

The honey ant is a small, red insect, extremely demonstrative and active, and found particularly in Texas and Mexico, and in considerable numbers in Colorado. Their nests are prominent mounds in some cases, and again are low heaps, spread over an area of twenty or thirty square feet, forming a community. As a rule they are nocturnal, working at night, though I have seen them work in the bright sunlight at three o'clock in the afternoon, marching in a line, perhaps seven feet wide and forty feet in length, to a cotton-wood tree, up which they passed—and long and slender—coming down larger and full of a pure white liquid. It would strike even a casual observer as curious that these ants were carrying home a liquid that could hardly be stored away, ants not having, as a rule, storehouses for liquid provisions; but the honey ant overcomes this difficulty in a decidedly novel manner. Certain of the ants, either by agreement or selection, are used as receptacles for the honey food supply and become literally honey bottles. They are kept by the others in a separate apartment, about six inches long by four in height, that is a storeroom. Here, if the nest is carefully opened, the ants or honey bottles will be seen hanging on the wall, looking like ripe currants.

The modus operandi that results in this is as follows: The ants, at least the small ones, forage for food, and find it in some cases in what are known as galls, curious enlargements or growths, often seen on trees and formed by the eggs of an insect having been deposited in the wood, the latter growing about it and allowing in some cases an escape of a liquid that is greatly esteemed by ants, and certainly tastes like honey. Filling their bodies with this material, the workers proceed to the storeroom where the bottle ants are kept and deliver it up to them, the receptacles receiving so much that they become distended to an enormous extent, as we have seen, and are incapable of movement to any great degree. Their bodies upon examination seem particularly adapted for the purpose, being covered in their normal condition by several plates that spread apart when the abdomen is distended. How long these living bottles hold their store is not known—undoubtedly indefinitely. When the other ants wish to draw their rations they proceed to the dark chamber, and a supply is forthwith given up. Such an arrangement seems to show that ants have much more intelligence than they are given credit for, as all their movements cannot be considered instinctive. In Colorado their nests are quite common about the Garden of the Gods, and the tunnels that they form often penetrate considerable distances into the rock, and the work in arriving at the chamber where the honey bottles are hung is one of no little labor.

## The Ubiquitous Thistle.

There is no weed weeder or more ubiquitous than the common thistle. In paradise, it is true, if we may trust John Milton and the Sunday-school books—wise, as usual, beyond what is written—there were no thorns or thistles; the creation and introduction of the noxious tribe upon this once innocent and thornless earth being a direct consequence of the fall of man, and a stern retribution for Adam's delinquency. But since then the thistle has managed so to diffuse itself over the

habitable globe that there hardly now remains a spot on earth without its own local representative of that ever-intrusive and conquering genus. Wherever civilized man goes, there the thistle accompanies him as a matter of course in his various wanderings. It adapts itself to all earthly environments. Close up to the arctic circle you will find it defying the indigenous reindeer with its prickly wings; under an equatorial sky you may observe it accommodating itself most complacently with a sardonic smile to tropical existence, and battling with the prickly cactus and the thorny acacia, to the manner born, for its fair share of the dry and arid uplands. Even nettles are nowhere in competition with it; in spite of its valuable and irritating sting, the nettle has not the plasticity and adaptability of constitution that mark the stout and sturdy thistle tribe. Garnered and harvested yearly with the farmer's corn, its seeds have been gratuitously distributed by its enemy, man, in all climates; and when once it gains the slightest foothold, its winged down enables it to diffuse itself ad infinitum through the virgin soil of yet unconquered and untithed continents.

## Rain as a Stimulant.

The health-giving properties of rain are not appreciated by the general public. Rain is essential to physical vigor in localities that have an extensive population. Man and his occupations laden the air with countless and unclassified impurities. The generous, kindly rain absorbs them, even as a washerwoman extracts the dirt from soiled clothes. The ammoniacal exhalations, the gases resultant from combustion and are all quietly absorbed by brisk showers. People talk about a "dry climate," but it is a snare and a delusion. There is nothing in it. A very dry climate will never support a large population, for it would soon become so poisoned that it would be fatal to the human race.

## Cheating in Gems.

The invention of what are called "doublets" in diamond dealing can be traced back for centuries. One mode of getting up false stones has been described by Jerome Cardan, who has published in detail the method of the inventor, one Zoccolino. This person's way of working was to procure a thin flake of a very inferior and cheap example of the stone he desired to "improve," choosing those which had little color, and might in consequence be procured at a nominal price. As a bottom for his "make-up" he took a bit of crystal which had shaped to his purpose; covering this with a transparent glue with which he had mixed necessary coloring material, so as to be like the finest specimen of the gem he intended to forge, he carefully fixed on the flake of stone, and concealed the joining of the two so deftly by careful setting as to make purchasers fancy that his gems were not only genuine, but really finer than those of other jewelers. For a time Zoccolino flourished, and was enabled by means of his cunning workmanship to deceive the cleverest lapidaries; but detection came at last, and put an end to his fraudulent practices in gem making. It may be mentioned as a warning to travelers that the Singhalese at Colombo are experts in such frauds, and frequently persuade persons to purchase cleverly set up doublets, or pieces of rock crystal cut and polished. Doublets in many cases, especially when both parts are really diamonds, are somewhat difficult to detect, even by men who have had great experience in the gem and jewel trades. Often when these gems have been set in a cluster, it has been found on examination that at least one of the stones is made of paste, or is perhaps a doublet. A rather curious story went the rounds of the press some years ago, when, on the death of a lady of title, it was found that more than one-third of the family diamonds were composed of false stones. These imitations had been so beautifully executed that none but the cleverest dealers were able to detect them, while in the case of some of the stones it was not till their specific gravity had been tested that a decision could be arrived at. It has been found on examination, we believe, that necklaces of so-called real diamonds have often contained 20 per cent. of doublets or other stones of questionable quality. Respectable dealers in jewelry maintain that it is the public who are to blame for the production of false jewels, knowing well enough that genuine gems could not be given at the prices offered for them. Retail jewelers are not seldom deceived themselves, not being, perhaps, so well versed in the technical knowledge incidental to their trade as they ought to be. Tradesmen of repute, however, are exceedingly careful in their selection of stock, no gem being offered for sale unless it is known to be genuine.

## The Origin of the Postage Stamp.

Quite an interesting and curious story is connected with the origin of the postage stamp. One day a girl came forth from an inn located in the northern part of England, and received from a postman a letter which she turned over in her hand as she asked the price of the postage. The man asked a shilling, a sum too large for a poor as herself to pay, and so she returned the letter to the postman with sadness, although she knew that her brother had sent it. But a sympathetic traveler, named Rowland Hill, stood near, and at this moment interposed and insisted on paying the shilling himself, although the girl seemed strongly averse to his doing so. When the postman had departed, the kind-hearted Mr. Hill was surprised to find that there was no need for his pity; for the envelope, the girl explained to him, contained no written communication, but on its outside were certain marks

agreed upon by herself and brother, from which as she held the letter in her hands, she gathered all the information she desired. "We are so poor," she continued, "that we invented this mode of correspondence without paying for our letters. Such duplicity set Mr. Hill thinking that a postal system which incited people to commit petty fraud must be very defective. He argued that if the price of postage was lowered from an exorbitant rate to one that came easily within the means of the mass of the people, so many more letters would pass through the mails that the financial condition of the treasury would not be impaired, while society would derive much additional benefit. He became so much interested in the matter that he managed to bring his views to the notice of the British government, which gave them a favorable reception, and on January 10, 1840, which may be considered the birthday of the postage stamp, letters began to be circulated in every part of the United Kingdom at the postage rate of only a penny. Rowland Hill became secretary to the postmaster general, and during the next ten years so great a change had taken place that in 1850 the number of letters sent through the mails was 7,239,962 against 1,500,000 in 1840.

## Concerning the Red Hat.

The Pope places the red hat upon the head of the cardinal to signify that he is to consecrate his mental acquisitions to the service of the church, and its color signifies that the wearer must be prepared to lose the last drop of his blood rather than betray his trust. The hat is round in form, with a low crown and wide rim, from the inside of which hang fifteen tassels, attached in a triangular form, one to five. It is worn but twice—once when the cardinal receives it in consistory and next when it rests on the catafalque at his obsequies. It is then suspended from the ceiling of the chapel or aisle of the church in which he may be buried.

The red beretta is a square cap, with three corners, symbolic of the Trinity, projecting from its crown. It is sent to distant cardinals by an ablegate or spiritual pontifical messenger, who must be one of the Pope's private chamberlains. Cardinals alone wear the beretta of red.

The ordinary hat of the cardinal is a broad brimmed, round black hat (tri corner), absolutely similar to those worn in Rome by all ecclesiastics, secular as well as regular. It is of beaver in winter, of straw covered with silk in the summer. At the base of the crown is a thick red cord, twisted with gold thread, and terminating in gold tassels. The cardinal usually wears this hat in the city, in the country, while walking or when traveling; in short, each time that he goes out in walking dress or in black cassock.

## An Enterprising Architect.

Adjoining one end of the royal palace at Naples, which is the future home of the Crown Prince, is the theatre of San Carlo, which has an interesting story. When Charles III. was the King of Naples he issued orders for the most magnificent theatre of Europe to be built in the shortest time possible. Angelo Carasale, a Neapolitan architect, offered to complete it in three months, and by great effort and energy actually did so. On the opening night the King sent for the architect to come to the royal balcony, and there publicly commended his work, adding that only one thing was lacking, and that was a private door and stair-case leading from the palace into the theatre for the use of the royal family. The architect bowed low, and retired that the play might begin. When the play was finished the architect appeared before the King, saying, "Your Majesty's wish is accomplished," and preceded the astonished monarch to a private entrance in one end of the theatre. In the three hours that the acting had engaged the king's attention the untiring architect had collected his workmen, and by almost superhuman effort had completed his task. He had torn down partitions and laid huge logs of wood for a stairway; but elegant velvet carpets and beautiful curtains concealed the rough floors and defaced walls, while a skillful arrangement of handsome mirrors and chandeliers produced a magical effect, and made the whole seem the work of fairy hands. Afterward, the entrance was properly finished, and last summer I walked from the palace through this private door, and stood in the royal balcony where the king had received the architect nearly one hundred and fifty years before.

## A Silent Theatrical Revolution.

Within the last few years a silent revolution has been effected in the theatrical world by the uprooting of the old stock companies and the introduction of the system of theatrical tours playing London successes. Old actors of third or fourth-rate merit, trained up to the "legitimate," find it impossible to keep up with the fashions and the demands of a new generation. A modern manager now requires his companies to dress well on and off the stage, to look well to cultivate the manners of a "society." For have they not to play in "society" comedies? As the gradual change has been brought about the "old theatrical hands" have had to give way to the younger generation who have been taught in the new school. Nowhere is the stern law of the survival of the fittest at work with greater activity than in the theatrical world. The utility man may live through a season or two; then comes another utility man who is a little better and cuts him out. The heart of a theatrical manager must be of steel to withstand the appeals that are constantly made to it, whether for charity or for an engagement.

## VARIETIES.

A SHARP KENTUCKIAN.—A friend of mine came the other day to settle for his night's lodging at a bed-buggy little hole in the wall near the railway station here in Neuchâtel, called the Hotel des Alps. In addition to the charge for apartment, service, lights, etc., was the item *un déjeuner*. I will put into plain English that which followed:

"But I didn't order any breakfast."

"That was no fault of the house, monsieur."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to charge me for breakfast I neither ordered or ate."

"The breakfast was prepared all the same, monsieur."

"You pretend that you provide a regular table d'hôte breakfast every morning and charge for it whether your guests take it or not?"

"Yes, monsieur. See the menu? Here it is, and the firm yet polite landlord produced his regular a carte. My friend turned it upside down. Then he carefully perused it. Then he said:

"How much of this do you serve as your regular breakfast?"

"Anything you like, monsieur."

"Very well. Receipt the bill, and as I am to pay for a breakfast, please God I will eat it. Bring me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, a half chicken grille, a rum omelet and a pint of Chablis. I shall wait until the next train."

Mine host of the Hotel des Alps looked first stupefied, and then disgusted, and, finally grasping the situation, he ran into his office, altered his bill in conformity with the facts, and hurried back, crying:

"Here, monsieur, here is your bill, quite correct—six francs 35 centimes—and you will just have time to catch your train."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

THE NON-DANCING TENTH.—There are several good stories told about the Tenth British Hussars. "Ouids," in her novels, speaks of them as the "non-dancing Tenth." The origin of this name, so goes the story, was this:

At a ball to which the officers were invited, twenty or thirty years ago it was, the lady of the house went up to them, one after another asking them if she could "get them partners" but always receiving the stereotyped reply: "The Tenth don't dance." She at last became so angry at the exhibition that she went up to the senior officer present, from whom she had received the same answer, and said:

"Do the Tenth march?"

"Y-a-s."

"Well, then, be good enough to order the Tenth to march out of my house."

The major scanned her through his eyeglasses, twisted his mustache and replied: "Y-a-s." In five minutes every man-jack of them had gone.

Shortly after this, it is related, the Tenth scored a win. Another ball-giver invited the officers to an entertainment, and supplemented the invitations with a request that the officers come in uniform. The night of the ball arrived, and instead of the officers themselves came each one's servant, with his master's uniform over his arm, with which he walked into the ball-room, and saluting the lady of the house, wheeled with military precision and deposited the uniform on a chair.

How true these stories are I can't say. At all events, the Tenth are famous enough, not only for courage and dash, but for extravagance, foppishness and "side."

THE CONVERSATION ENDED ABRUPTLY.—Chatting about retorts, however, one reached my ears on the train going to Philadelphia one day recently that will amuse you, I think.

"What is that large yellow building back among the trees?" asked an elderly gentleman, turning to the small man, with clean-shaven face and prominent nose, who sat just in front of him. The train had just passed Holmsburg Junction and the inquisitor pointed off to the right.

"That is the Forest Home," replied John T. Raymond, otherwise "Col. Sellers."

"The Forest Home?" queried the farmer like personage, looking unsatisfied. "Who lives there?"

"It is the home for poor folks, given by Mrs. L."

"Lord! how crowded the place must be." There the conversation broke off abruptly.

WHY VASSAR GIRLS DO NOT MARRY.—Motherhood is beautiful, and a babe in the house is a wellspring of joy. But this dwells the mind. At each advent the mother's mind goes back to begin anew with the infant's. She loses articulate speech and jabbars a jibberish, to begin with its inarticulate language. What an intellectual tumble for a Vassar graduate!

A young one in the family gathers to its inauspicious the minds of all the company, and the visitors go away with a sense of sinking to intellectual vacuity. All this is lovely and does well enough for the present domestic state of woman; but it is not for the emancipated, elevated, intellectual woman that is to come. She is not to serve as a domestic wellspring of joy, but as an intellectual terror.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE EARTHQUAKE ACQUITT.—J. Farrington, a sign painter of Manhattan Avenue, Greenpoint, accused Richard Jost yesterday of stealing two boxes of cigars.

"When did my client commit the alleged theft?" asked Counselor Roesch.

"Last Tuesday night."

"Did you see him take the cigars?"

"No, but I saw the boxes move and he was behind them; and I found a box in his pocket."

"Tuesday night," said the counselor; "that was the night of the earthquake. Maybe, the quake caused them to move. And now, sir, be continued, 'can you swear that quake did not cause the boxes to move, and sir—'"

"Twenty-nine days in jail," interrupted Justice Naecher.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HOPPEL EDITOR.—Col. Bill Short, editor of the Croby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator, made a flying trip to Washington last night. He is an applicant for any position within the gift of the President, provided he has an adequate salary attached to it.

"Where is your baggage, Billy?" asked a friend who met him at the depot. "Baggage!" exclaimed Billy, "how do you expect me to have any baggage when I've not even been appointed? Wait until I have been in office a few months and then I will show you more plunder than you can carry off in a four-mule wagon."

A VIXEN OLD LADY has a certain test which she applies to all young men who "pay attention" to any of her granddaughters. After a certain time she offers him some of her home-made cake. If he eats it with avidity, she mutely gives consent; if not, she instantly begins to oppose the match—not as some might suppose, from wounded vanity, but because she has a theory that men who like cake never drink to excess or live dissipated lives of any sort.

"Give me," she says, "a full remembrance. Send for CINCINNATI PRINTER: Six boxes, \$2.00. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 163 Williams St., New York 41090920.

## Chaff.

Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees.

The conductor is a ladies' man. He is "al-ways after the fare."

Patent medicines are now made that will cure everything but hams.

If we attend well to our own affairs, we shall not have time to superintend our neighbors'.

Don't hurry eggs in your coat-tale pocket. Eggs ain't good after they've been set on awile.

"Weight for the wagon," observed the farmer, as he helped his 300-pound wife to a seat in the vehicle.

When Adolphus placed his arms around the neck of Angeline, he said it was for a neck's press purpose.

"When my cousin was married," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, "I gave her a handsome water giraffe and two goblets."

Parlor matches are like fashionable engagements. There is too much fuss and noise about them for the money.

A marriage notice in the *Winnipeg Advertiser* tops off in this way: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, no presents, and nobody's business."

The difference between the desire of a sailor and that of a blind man is that one wants to go to sea and the other wants to see to go.

Why is a man ringing a bell for an auction like a church sabbath? One makes a noise to get money, and the other makes an oyster get money.

When a certain bachelor was married the members of the Bachelor Club broke him all up by sending him a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."

"You can always tell a bachelor by the way he handles a baby," says an exchange. On the contrary, you can always tell a bachelor by the way he doesn't handle a baby.

"I think I wear two," she stammered to the shoemaker. "Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. Yes, the honest dealer, 'you wear two.' Then under his breath: "One on each foot."

Satire can no further go than when Sam Johnson said to a booby: "If I like your acting, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, madam," replied the tragedian; "the bridge is gone."

Somebody says that the odor of fresh paint may be removed from a room by placing a saucer of ground coffee in the apartment. Now we understand why it is a man generally chews ground coffee when he is painting the town red.

Host—"Now, that wine cost me a guinea a bottle nearly twenty years ago. Now, apart from the prime cost, look what the yearly interest comes to." Guest—"Well, let's have another bottle, and get rid of the interest on that at all events."

First Young Lady—And how do you like Mr. Brink? I saw you with him a moment. Second Y. L.—Am not impressed. Cannot abide bald-headed men. First Y. L.—Bald-headed? Why, his head is not bald. Second Y. L.—Oh, yes, it is—indeed, it is.

"What is that big iron thing full of holes?" asked Laura. "Locomotive boiler," said Tom. Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence she asked: "Why do they boil locomotives?" Tom looked amazed. "To make them tender," he said, slowly.

We heard a pastor of one of our most prominent churches the other day decline an offer of \$100 to his salary, for this reason, and another that harmonized with the first: his labors heretofore had been to collect his salary, and he would like him to collect \$100 more.

Little Paul is at the Paris Zoological Garden, one of the most famous of the world. He is a young man dressed in most remarkable style, who is coming toward him, he clings close to his mother's gown. "Oh, mamma," he cries, "here is one who has got out of his cage!"

"I owe more to my mother," said Babster, "than to any other being on earth." "Well, she will never get it," said Shock. "Get what?" "What you owe her. I've been owing her \$10 for the last twenty years and I never expect to get a cent of it. I wouldn't give your mother four cents on a dollar for what you owe her."

Cataract is a prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease; liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. 100 doses \$1.

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Brewster's Patent Belt Holder. Your trousers are where you put them—under your belt. One agent sold 15,000 in 8 days, one dealer sold 6,000 in two weeks. Sample worth \$1.50. Write for circular. C. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

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